

# DREAMS AND THEIR MEANINGS WHOLLY NATURAL

## Dr. Frederick Peterson Finds That Subconscious Streams Are Traceable to Experiences or Anticipation, Not to Distortion

THE modern past, say the '80s and '90s, was a time for disregarding dreams and omens and portents which meant so much to the old Greeks and Romans. Then people used to be thought ignorant and irreligious when they consulted a "wise woman" to learn the meaning of their dreams.

We have changed all that. We trust our dreams and follow what advice they give us. The "wise woman" has been superseded by the psychologist who is now called at least experimentally scientific. He listens to our dreams, traces them to their source, interprets and prescribes by what he learns from them. In a subconscious state we become the doctor's best collaborator.

Psychoanalysis, sleep and dreams have furnished subject matter recently for a great literature, meaning numerous volumes. It is not all Freudian, and indeed a goodly half of it may be called an effort to refute this first discoverer. As so many dreams present painful or distressing contents, fears and other unpleasant things among their anticipations, reflecting the "subconscious" as Freud says, or the tendency of normal waking thought, as other psychologists say, who are not willing to go the limit, it has been found necessary to invent something entirely new and quite at variance with usual conscious thought processes to explain our dreams.

### Dr. Peterson Gives Views From the Opposing Side

In an effort to explain Freudism in easy terms THE NEW YORK HERALD not long ago interviewed several of Freud's prominent disciples in New York and published their explanations. It is only fair to give the other side a chance to talk about their ways of handling "anticipation." And by "the other side" is meant the neurologists who proceed antagonistically to the psychoanalysts.

"Instances of a desire to confute Freud which he gives in his book," said Dr. Frederick Peterson, "are easily placed in the category of concealed wishes to do that very thing. But they may be honest endeavor to learn the truth for all that."

"A 'fear' dream, following the reading of Sigmund Freud's 'Elements of Psychoanalysis,' is always so classed by him. When the wish is not as manifest as this use is made of the 'latent dream content,' with such distortion and displacement that only Freud and his followers can interpret it properly."

"What the Freudists do is to evoke a 'dream censor' with his unpleasant faculty of disfiguring or disguising the dream contents in order to conceal the real wish of the dreamer from any but the analyst."

"Thus fear and anxiety dreams, which common sense tells us merely reflect in a measure such fears and anxieties as we often have in our conscious life, are interpreted by Freud as 'the disguised fulfillment of a suppressed or repressed wish,' the content of fear and anxiety dreams being of a sexual nature whose libido has been transformed into fear."

"The extraordinary symbolism ascribed to dream life by the new psychology is chiefly the invention of the psychoanalysts."

"There is probably little in the subconscious or unconscious mind of any individual that has not at some time been conscious, and there can be no symbols in sleep 'thought' which have not been at some time symbols in waking thought."

"Most of the symbolism described by the new interpreters of dreams reflects the symbolism of the analysts themselves. In fact there is more to be learned from the interpretations published of the psychology of the analyst than of the psychology of the dreamer."

### Freud Criticized for Holding To a Single Driving Idea

"The analyst reveals himself in his analysis, his anticipations, his intelligence, his learning, his logic. If there is any wish brought clearly to light in the work of the psychoanalyst it is his own, it is that of the interpreter."

"The theoretical 'distortion,' 'displacement' and 'disfigurement' ascribed to dreams in the new psychology become actualities in the analytic story."

A leading objection to the system of Sigmund Freud and one which repels a good many who would be otherwise receptive of it is its acknowledged tendency to carry every subconscious impulse to one 'drive,' the sexual.

Dr. Peterson described a frequently recurring dream of a neurotic young woman which is a 'fear' dream. She dreams that she is awakened by an alarm of fire and she runs from her room and the house in a panic, scantily attired. The Freudian interpretation, said Dr. Peterson, would be a repressed sex motivated desire. He asserted that this explanation is far from the fact, for on two occasions the country houses where this young woman was living did actually catch on fire in the night and burn to the ground. Each time she saved her life by fleeing from the burning building in her night garments. The dream that now distracts her comes from real conscious and fearful experience.

"Freud has but one driving impulse," repeated the neurologist, "and that is the sexual. To him all the arts and accomplishments of civilization hark back to sex and of sex they are the sublimation. This is what renders Freud and his theories peculiarly abnoxious to many persons."

"It likewise discredits many of his experiments. In reality there are many subconscious influences besides that of sex. Among them may be instances fear, disgust, curiosity, anger, self-assertion, the gregarious instinct, the instincts of construction and acquisition, imitation, suggestibility, play instinct, and all the later acquired drives determined by special gifts and aptitudes in the great workshop of the world, and by the absorption of individuals in their particular interests there. It should be easily recognizable that absorbing things in our daily lives reach back to the subconscious also."

"Individual development is one long series of 'preparatory' or anticipatory reactions for the 'consummatory' reactions that are to follow. Really, a generous experience of men

and an unbiased deduction from their actions over a long space of time would show that hunger and sex, powerful as they are, play a secondary part in the behavior of mankind in general."

"Man is moved by an overwhelming wish to survive, in himself as far as possible and afterward in his progeny. Therefore survival and reproduction bulk large in his life, waking and sleeping. They are necessary to man's advance as conqueror of his environment."

"Dreams are a corollary of the anticipating, curious and exploring mind. Man is eager to know and dominate the universe. He does not abdicate this eagerness in any sane mentality. It continues to dominate his stream of consciousness, it represents the thread on which his thought is strung."

Dr. Peterson said that he repeated these well known phrases because they are constantly in use in psychology. He added to what he wished to give in explanation of these phrases these words:

"On the thread of thought are strung the past, the present and the future. On the train of ideas we leave one coast behind for the coast that lies far ahead. The stream of consciousness flows from the reservoir of memory across the present into the unknown to some distant sea."

### Sees Greater Need for Studying Anticipation Than Repressions

"It is hard to get anything worth while in books of psychology telling us of the relation of the stream of consciousness to the future. But it is what we all want to know. The essential function of the mind is how it shall deal with the future. The future is everything. Our memories are our experience and the present is a point of departure. We plan, we grope, we seek, we foresee. We try to foreshadow the events that are to be and to prepare to meet them. That is our education, to which we bring all our own experiences and all that history and biography have taught us. It is back of every man's mind."

"It is not that the future in mental function is so much concerned with prophecy, augury, premonition, presentiment, soothsaying, clairvoyance, horoscopes, astronomical prediction, but that the future and what it holds for each of us enters into the very psychology of our everyday life. We use countless futuristic words, words involving the element of futurity, and all our hopes, desires, wishes, trends, tendencies, propensities, needs, longings, cravings, ambitions, aspirations, all our timidities, anxieties, suspense, surprise, dreads and fears have to do with this same element of anticipation."

"Instead of studying 'repressions' as the psychoanalysts do, we need a study of the psychology of anticipation."

"Is it wise to believe that in sleep the brain

Dr. Frederick Peterson, noted neurologist, who considers dreams from the opposite angle taken by the followers of Sigmund Freud.

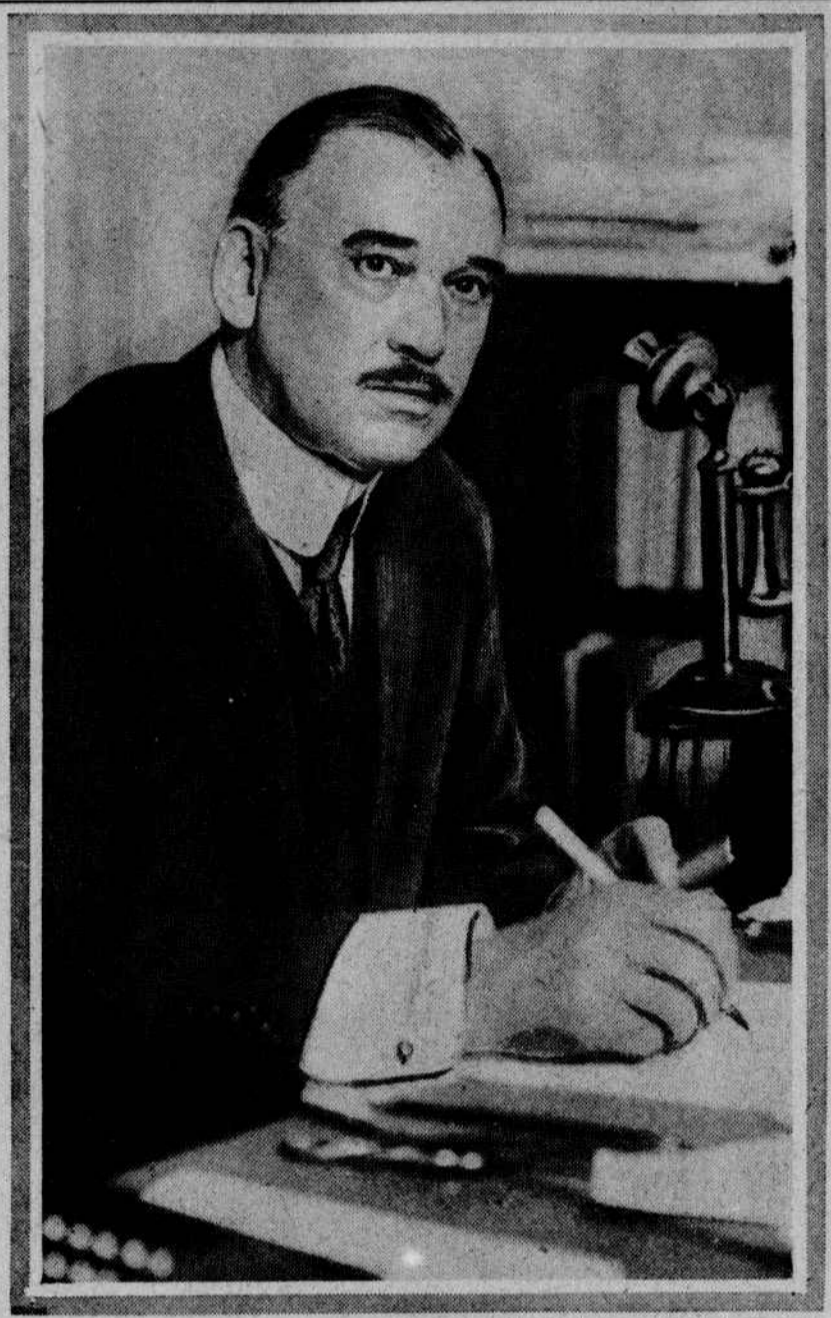


Photo by a New York Herald Staff Photographer.

dismisses these urgencies and studies only those of which in its waking life it is not conscious?

"No, awake or sleeping we dream of the future. Especially when asleep do we find ourselves leaping forward to the climax of

## All Sleeping Thought Does Not Hark Back to Sex, as Psychoanalysts Assert, Says Famous Neurologist

our lives with our anticipatory faculty. The stream of consciousness (sub-consciousness) is very rapid then.

"Fears, suspicions, anxiety, hopelessness are in reality disorders of the faculty of anticipation."

"In conscious or directed thought we draw upon a very limited store of memories, but dreams often seem to release and use the whole. The day dream, the undirected stream of thought, the idle drift of fancy or phantasy with its relaxation of control lies between directed thought and dream, and is usually concerned with pleasant or agreeable reminiscence in a comfortable state of mind and body. Persons suffering from care, worry and anxiety and from physical symptoms do very little day dreaming."

"In day dreams the looseness of concentration lends itself to incoherencies and intrusive thoughts. In the dreams of sleep there is still greater relaxation of direction; all the doors of memory are unlocked and flung wide open. And countless strands of association are renewed in constantly changing patterns, with all sorts of intrusions, auto-suggestions and immediate suggestions from the more or less active sensory apparatus of the body, played upon by memory and anticipation. That one and only one 'drive' and that sex, is active in dreaming, men who study themselves must find to be untrue. Men recognize so many 'driving' ideas."

"Dreams may be occupied with subjects of apprehension, fear and terror, or of hopes, wishes and desires, according as anticipations are painful and disagreeable or pleasant and happy."

"The currents of dream consciousness would seem to be a kind of reflection of the currents of alert consciousness, a moonlit underworld of daily common life, with wider horizons as to past and future, without the tension of directing and choosing, though not wholly 'disinterested,' as Bergson would have it. Ideas in our dreams have a looser mesh of association, wide open to suggestion from any source, either in the flowing stream of the unconscious mind or in the sensitive body that houses the mind."

### Gives an Explanation of Incongruities in Dreams

"Dramatization in dreams is not unusual. It depends upon that same anticipatory faculty which leads the novelist on with his story and starts the reader to imagining its end. A thought, a sensation, a picture, a sound starts up in the dreamer an anticipatory idea. The story or play begins and sometimes goes on to a legitimate conclusion. In the hands of the inexpert the plot gets wild and cannot be brought within human limits. But let a playwright or a novelist have a dream and he will know how to work it out constructively. And when he

wakes up he will know how to take advantage of these subconscious compositions and be able to write them out and sell them for a price."

"Of course the anticipatory faculty would amount to nothing without memories and experience. These are naturally drawn upon for the development of the projected sequence."

"How this is accomplished and why dreams exhibit often so much incongruity and incoherence are things of easy comprehension. They grow upon visual after-images of things seen just before going off to sleep. There may be more than one of these and then they are apt to merge, and hence the incongruity."

"In recent years much has been published on the Freud theory of dreams. It would seem that Freud in meditating on the unconscious was much struck by the dreams of his children. It is natural to suppose that natural children dreamed of what they wanted to happen, pleasant excursions, holidays and the like. Therefore it occurred to Freud in this connection that some dream might be the 'fulfillment of a wish.' This idea took such possession of him that it soon dominated other theories and before long he announced in a book the hypothesis that 'all dreams are the fulfillment of a wish.' Henceforth every dream had to be interpreted in accord with his anticipatory desire to find a wish, fulfillment."

### Difficulties Overcome in War To Fit the Preconception

"Psychoanalysis, Sleep and Dreams," a book by Andre Troidon, is written simply and clearly, according to Dr. Peterson, but like so many writers, this Frenchman overcomes difficulties in a way to suit himself, but which are left rather blind to the general reader. Both he and Freud are at first nonplussed by the fact that many dreams present painful or distressing contents, fears and so on, among their anticipations, reflecting the tendencies of normal waking thought."

"This, as everybody knows who has studied Freud, is quite at variance with the Freudian conception or preconception. Thus 'distortion' and 'displacement' and 'thought content latent' had to be brought in. 'Fear' dreams thus become 'the disguised fulfillment of a repression,' and the 'content of such dreams is of a sexual kind.' It was done to fit the preconception."

"To sum up, dreams come from something we have felt, seen or known in our consciousness, but they may be presented in such strange guise as to be at first unrecognizable. What is in the subconsciousness of any individual has probably been in his conscious mind at some time, and there can be no symbols in that mind which have not been symbols in conscious thought."

# Authors' Club Gains Fame by Recognizing Larrovitch

By FRANK DALLAM.

NEXT Tuesday evening, the one hundred and third anniversary of the birth of Feodor Vladimirovich Larrovitch, the great genius of Russian literature, will be held the first meeting of the new society organized in his honor to be called the Larrovitch Fellowship. The meeting will be held around the dinner table of a well known Broadway chophouse and it seems destined to do things and to say things which will make the literary world open its eyes and its ears.

Hearing the plans and objects of the Fellowship one would suspect it immediately of being a group of serious thinkers, poseurs or so-called highbrows, taking their dose of culture with overzeal and intensity, and seeking to force an unwilling public to do the same. If you think this you are mistaken, for it is the getting together of some of the brightest, keenest and liveliest minds in New York, men prominent in the literary, artistic, musical, journalistic and professional life of the city. These kindred souls are engaged in the perpetuation, along many lines, of the maddest, merriest, most audacious and impudent bit of humor, the most delicious fooling this care-burdened world has known in many moons. The world needs more fresh bubbling laughter and the Larrovitch Fellowship should do valiant service meeting the need.

### Many Delightful Possibilities In Great Literary Hoax

It is the greatest literary hoax on record, with endless possibilities of entertainment and cleverness. It originated four years ago at the Authors Club in spontaneous inspiration which mystified while it as well enlightened a group of members in the smoking room. It captivated their imagination, appealed to their sense of humor and stimulated their invention. Since then the hoax has grown in the inspiration and strengthened in its details, resulting finally in the Larrovitch Fellowship.

The Larrovitch centenary on April 26, 1918, was observed with appropriate ceremony by the members of the Authors Club and its guests, all of whom left the meeting delighted and charmed with the many side-lights, biographic, literary, anecdotal and critical, thrown on the great man thus honored, but unknown that the subject of their enthusiasm had never existed. It was an evening never to be forgotten by those privileged to be present.

The papers read at the meeting were later published in a volume by the Authors Club and sold to the increasing horde of Larrovitch disciples. Those who might yet be so fortunate as to be able to obtain a copy from the club are assured of an extraordinary literary treat. Read without the key to the stupendous hoax, one peruses chapter after chapter of a brilliant biography with intense interest. Knowing the basic facts of the impudent fabrication, there is a chuckle in every paragraph, as one marvels at the naturalness, the unity, the elaborate details, the simple, human touches, the humor, the convincing quality and the audacious, colossal impudence of it all.

The originator of this titanic sell, who later gathered his band of conspirators together, was William George Jordan, well known as a writer of successful books, the first editor of the *Saturday Evening Post*, the man who organized the House of Governors and one who has done noteworthy

## Astonishing Tribute Engineered by Little Coterie Yields Fruitful Literary Treat and a Fete Commemorated by a Limited Edition Book

things. To tell the detailed story of the huge prank would require a page, but even an outline will serve to bring laughter and unalloyed joy to the countless throngs who subscribe to Mark Twain's famous dictum that "the Lord loveth a cheerful liar."

It is evening in the Authors Club, which on you may or may not know is quartered in Carnegie Hall. The time early in the year 1918. Half a dozen chums are seated in the smoking room after dinner. In the group is a gentleman of high intellectual attainment, one who has achieved things in his profession, an adroit controversialist and a man who ever speaks with authority.

As this man wittily discourses on this topic and that, there is another man sitting slightly apart from the group, though of it. If he partakes in the discussion it is as a commuter, that is to say, he makes but intermittent trips into the conversation, always returning to his easy chair on the outskirts of the gathering. His friends chide him for aloofness. They call on him to "sit in the game" and wireless to him an inference that they would have him unsheathe a rapier with him of the uncanny book knowledge.

With clever semblance of being bored, he accepts the challenge. Craftily he steers conversation into a channel of his own dreading and suddenly he fires a question: "Well, in that event, since you hold to such doctrine, what do you think of Larrovitch?"

"I never heard of him."

"What! Never heard of Larrovitch?" The tormentor gasps in amazement. "Gentlemen, surely you are joking me."

The challenged one remains defiant. "Since you know so much, tell us, please, who is this Larrovitch? What did he ever do?"

"After all, I am not surprised that you should be unfamiliar with the writings of this mental giant. In point of fact, his works are not widely known in this country. But since you ask the question I'll say that Feodor Vladimirovich Larrovitch is really the father of Russian literature. Tolstol, Gorky, even Turgenev, are mere echoes."

"What did he ever write, this Larrovitch?"

"Oh, er, books, I mean novels, essays—and in his youth he wrote some verse, stuff that showed the glowing fire of patriotism which so inspired him in all that he did."

"How is it you know so much about the writings of this unheard of Russian?" pursues the sceptic.

"My first acquaintance with his books dates back to 1909—no, it was two years before, on my first trip to St. Petersburg, as it was then called. I found a French translation in a bookstore, and reading it became so interested I made a point of looking up his other writings. They were not easy to obtain. Many of his books were burned when he was sent to Siberia. Still, I did find two volumes done into English when I got to London."

"In Paris later I found a volume of his essays in French, and in Berlin I was so fortunate as to exume in the municipal library two of Larrovitch's suppressed political treatises in original Russian and one of his longer novels translated into German."

The Larrovitch controversy became a topic of spirited discussion in the Authors Club. About the time that the controversy was at its height Mr. Jordan dropped into the club one night a few weeks after the smoking room episode.

"See here, Jordan," said a member who had not been present at the original discussion, "what's all this I hear about your discovery of a great Russian author? Larrovitch, I think the name is. I can't place him, and other fellows in the club who are interested tell me they find no mention of him in any of the reference books on Russian literature."

"There are several others in the club whose knowledge of Larrovitch easily parallels mine," said Mr. Jordan. "I shall see that you talk with them. Better still; April 26 will be the one hundredth anniversary of Larrovitch's birth. I think something should be done about it."

Here let the writer of this surprising addenda to the book annals of America, not to speak of Russia, interpolate a personal observation by Mr. Jordan. He says:

"In extension of all that is about to be revealed one thing is to be borne in mind. When the affair began there was absolutely no premeditation. Absence of premeditation affords a certain degree of excuse in law. Surely it should do so in a club."

"The Larrovitch hoax was directed at no one particular person nor at any group of persons. It just grew and grew. Having gone so far as to invent an author it was only just to him that I should endow him with good works. I did so. That is about all there is to it."

"It was just a sudden notion that came to me as I listened to those men talking. Naturally I expanded, elaborated and improvised at length as the interest of the audience demanded. But it would have amounted to little in the end had it not been for the splendid cooperation of Richardson Wright, editor of *Home and Garden*, to whom, perhaps, most of the success of the centenary meeting and the later published volume is due, as well as to the other writers who joined us and helped signally to make our jointly created Larrovitch a veritable paragon of literary style and lofty thought."

Thus giving due exploitation to Mr. Jordan's plea that there was nothing cold blooded in his narrative and commending his tenacity for sticking to his highly original story, the reader shall next be introduced to the gifted conspirators. One may fancy Mr. Jordan in secret formulating his plans for a Larrovitch centennial celebration and, like a modern Nick Bottom, calling the roll of his supporting cast at midnight in his own comfortable library, the following high class plotters answering the roll:

Next thing of importance is the fact that not long after these meetings each member of the Authors Club received formal notification of a Larrovitch Centenary Celebration to be held in the clubrooms.

Socially and professionally the Larrovitch fete at the Authors Club was everything that a fete at the Authors Club ought to be. Before the exercises began the guests made

their way through the club rooms, viewing the Larrovitch relics with veneration. On the walls of the club, surrounded by autographed letters and original manuscripts of famous members and celebrities from across the water, hung a portrait of Larrovitch, a pressed flower from his grave at Yalta, a pen and ink page from "Crazy Baba" (The Red Woman), all in frames over which hung a wreath and the flags of the Russian Empire and the United States. In artistic juxtaposition were the sacred souvenirs, Larrovitch's shirt, his ikon, pen, inkpot, and the padlock of the door of his home in the Crimea where he died. "The shirt," said a placard reposing on a tiny silver easel near by, "is a remarkable example of Russian embroidery."

### Larrovitch Fete From Prolegomenon to Eulogy

Directly the exercises began it was realized that the programme was one of extraordinary interest. It opened with the following exquisite sonnet by Clinton Scollard, printed now for the first time:

"What I shall say of Larrovitch shall be  
As though one spoke of twilight in the  
spring.  
Of vernal beauty come to blossoming  
Too soon, to fade and be but memory—  
The memory of a something to which we  
In our exalted moments fain would cling.  
Faint and ephemeral as the white moth's  
wing,  
Or as the prismy spindrift of the sea.

Let us forget the chill Siberian snows,  
The stark Caucasus heights let us  
forget:  
These girded and oppressed him, and his  
woes  
Wake in our hearts a passionate regret:  
So be there strewn above his long repose  
Sweet sprays of the Crimean violet!"

"A Prolegomenon to Larrovitch," by Prof. Franklin H. Giddings, followed, in which he boldly pronounced these words:

"Larrovitch, whom we honor, enjoys the distinction of having been brought to life. With Shakespeare and Napoleon he is of the immortals whose existence has been questioned."

"May I make one small contribution of fact upon which I am perhaps qualified to speak? It was Larrovitch who, discovered, or invented, the history of civilization. He foresaw the rise and fall of Kultur, and in discoursing on it he anticipated Herbert Spencer's famous definition of cosmic evolution. 'Kultur,' said Larrovitch, 'is the integration of Hohenzollerns, accompanied by the differentiation and the segregation of nations and the concomitant dissipation of Teutons.' He warned of impending war between Potsdam and civilization, but also he foretold the successful and glorious end."

In a paper on "The Personal Side of Larrovitch" Mr. Jordan traced the boyhood and youth of the future genius, his preparatory school life, his years at the University of Kiev, his graduation in medicine, and his decision to practise his profession only as a means of livelihood, while he "fought for freedom with his pen."

The death of Larrovitch was pathetically described thus:

"On the afternoon of the 13th of March he was resting quietly when the shrill call of newshybs shouting an 'extra' came

through the open window. He raised himself with difficulty, leaned on one arm, and listened. 'Assassination of Alexander II,' were the unbelievable words that he heard. Alexander, the great reformer, the liberator of the serfs, had been killed! Falling back upon his pillow he murmured, 'Oh, my poor, blinded countrymen; oh, the folly of it and the shame! You have put out the light of Russia's liberty'—then silence. The great heart of Larrovitch was still forever."

The tribute of McCready Sykes, who pointed out Larrovitch's "Place in Literature," was a scintillating piece of mock criticism. For instance:

"In 1870, after his return from Paris, Larrovitch published what is usually, and I think rightly, regarded as his magnum opus, 'Barin! Barin! Master! Master!'—a work so vast, so terribly compact, so expressive that it is one of the most elusive, most difficult of analysis. The strange character of Dmitri Trepoff, the old chemist with his troupe of whistling marmots, is used as the symbolic leitmotif. In an old retort from his laboratory Dmitri has imprisoned the principle of life, and as the weird, Mizarra figure moves through the story, transforming the country group of children with a wave of his curious bottle, stealing to the throne room of the Emperor and leaving the bewildered courtiers with blanched faces and quaking knees, the effect of his presence is 'inevitably diffusive,' to use George Eliot's phrase."

Richardson Wright's entertaining contribution to the symposium was "Some Translations from Larrovitch," consisting of half a dozen short extracts from novels in which the Russian author stood forth preeminently as a stylist, philosopher and realist. The distinguishing feature of George Sidney Hellman's paper entitled "Three Incidental Poems of Larrovitch" was a "Siberian Marching Song."

Battle songs at such a time as this, when the whole world discusses disarmament, are quite likely to be passed over unnoticed, yet here is one I should like to commend to the attention of some serious composer as containing such ingredients as would inflame the emotions of creative harmony. The author of "The Two Grenadiers" inspired Schumann. For all that the Russian warrior nowadays has been stripped of glamour and shredded of his barbarically picturesque defiance of death in a religious devotion to sovereign and country, Larrovitch's "Siberian Marching Song," with its military cadences and sonorous passages of blood and iron, is of the calibre to stir the talents of any musician whose gifts for composition are tintured strongly with a sense of the dramatic—Victor Herbert, for instance.

It is feeble praise to say that the "Five Larrovitch Letters" read by Thomas Walsh are worthy of being made into a brochure for general circulation, so charming are they in fancy and so flawless in simple diction.

The volume containing the papers read at the Authors Club Larrovitch celebration has been supplemented by a chapter on "A Larrovitch Foundation" by James Howard Bridge and "Bibliographical Notes" compiled by Arthur Colton, who gives a complete list of the Russian's novels in the order of publication, with an English translation of their titles and synopses of the stories. There is also a persuasive table of reference books by Gustave Simonson for "students of Russian literature who desire to acquaint themselves further with the works of Larrovitch."

But one fault may be urged with this list of most attractive titles. It is that not one of the books is to be obtained in any library in the world.